#### THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS. REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST. BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

X!.
OLD PARTIES AND POLITICIANS. THE KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT IN MASSACHU-SETTS-GOVERNOR GAEDNER-MR. WILSON'S RIECTION TO THE SENATE-FREE-SOILERS, RE-PUBLICANS AND COALITIONISTS-ANSON BUR-LINGAME-NATHANIEL P. BANKS-FRANCIS W. BIRD-GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW. When I went to Boston, in 1854, to become one of

the editors of The Boston Atlas, politics were in a transitory condition. With all my sympathies upon the side of the Whigs, I had no suspicion of the impending demise of the party. I thought that it had anti-slavery savor enough to sustain it, and I did not anticipate that the people would so strongly resent the obsolete notions of the Hunker Whigs of Boston. We who did not agree with them had tried hard to reconcile radical differences. One after one, we had seen the men whom we loved and honored, go away from us into stange and, to us, unpalatable associations. While we hated the Fugitive Slave Law, and all the measures which were called by the name of compromise, we looked back with affection upon the old victories and even the old defeats, and asked ourselves if the name and the organization might not yet be saved. But the pressure for a thorough revision of party lines was too strong for the anti-Siavery Whigs of Massachusetts, and the temporizing policy of the Fillmore Administration, with the course which Mr. Webster saw fit to parsue, was too much for the loyalty of our fast diminishing ranks. A great many men, I now persuade myself, went away from us merely because we were called Whigs. It was in vain that not a few of us ventured to the extreme verge of Garrisonian abelitionism in our denunciation of the institution, and our opposition to the legislation which it was fondly thought would perpetuate it. It was in vain that we abandoned all policy in the indulgence of our sympathies. Two classes of men confronted us with looks of disapproval. The Democratic party having utterly given itself up to the control of the oligarchy of Slaveholders, denounced us, as it had some right to do. The Hunker Whigs, still professing to be with us and of us, called by our name and claiming a place in our conventions, hated us more heartily and opposed us more obstinately than did our traditional enemies, the Democrats. Is it any wonder that we grew weary of the name of Whig? Yet in 1854 there was one battle more to be fought, though little did I anticipate its result. It decided most emphatically the convass of that year. The organization of the Know Nothing party in Massachusetts was one of the most curious of which I have ever had any district, but he looked forward with alacrity to his knowledge. It was an anomaly for which it is impos-sible to account. I went down to Bosion to engage in matic capacity. He was sent to Vienna; but Ansible to account. I went down to Boston to engage in my new duties, late in the Autumn of 1854, without the slightest idea of the impending cutastrophe, and actually entertaining the belief that Emory Washburn, the Whig candidate for Governor, would be elected cither by the people or the Legis lature. He lacked only about 50,000 votes of schieving that success. At this moment, more than a quarter of a century afterward, I blush for the simplicity with which I anticipated Republican party by the devious paths of the configuration was Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks, since well Know Nothing organization. I was in the way of picking up whatever political tutelligence might be floating about ; yet associating every day with men who were in the Know Nothing lodges, and, in the new editorial position which I occupied, having every incentive to be vigilant and wary, I no more suspected the impending result than I looked for an earthquake which would level the State House and reduce Faneuil Hall to a heap of ruins. I mention from the start. He delivered temperance and other the fact to show how faithfully a political secret shared by thousands upon thousands (some 80,000 In all) was kept. I went to work on The Atlas precisely as if I believed a decent Whig victory to be certain. I knew that the Know Nothings as a dancing master. When he made speeches were doing something, but I little knew how much. A week after I began my new business I was pass-ing through Congress-st, with my associate, Dr. Brewer. We met Henry J. Gardner, the Know Nothing candidate for Governor. He took Dr. Brewer aside for a long conversation, and when my friend rejoined me he told me that Mr. Gardner are abusing me in The Atlas. I shall be elected by a very large majority." The dry-goods merchant turned politician understood matters much better than I did, for upon the receipt of the House, and he developed particular tact as a this private information, not in the least danned, presiding officer. The coalition chose him to the least back to my desk and predicted XXXIIId Congress; he gradually drifted enhis defeat more decidedly than ever. It was a perfect rout, as all the world knows; but I remember, with pardonable complacency, that I said, the morning after the election, that the whole matter was an empty piece of tomfoolery; that the Krow Nothing party had no reason for being; that I would give it three years of existence, and not one year more. It seemed to me Know Nothing ranks, and if his design was to kill then rather like a buge joke than anything else. Governor Gardner was an excellent representative of its thin and shallow instacerity, and of its hand-to-mouth expediants. He had no opinions, and if he had pos sessed any they would have been of no value. We afterward found out how he was nominated in the Know Nothing State Convention. A delegate who had as much to do with the matter as anybody told me the story. It was a mongrel gathering, full of people who did hate the Catholic Irish and of people who did not. It was hard to agree upon little dinner at the Tremont House, in Boston, at a candidate, and my informant went to Mr. Gardner and said : " May I assure the Convention that you are both an anti-slavery and a temperance "You may say," said the future Governor, that I have always been an anti-slavery man, and that I am a temperance man of fifteen years' stand-Hum!" said a friend to whom I told the story, " how was it, when he ran as a Pro-Slavery, Fugitive Slave Law, Webster Whig against me for the Common Ceuncil and beat me ?" "Hum !" said another friend, "how was it that not very long age I was compelled to throw the brandy bottle out the window to keep him from drinking any more ?" He was nominated, as I was told was well-informed, upon the one who strength of these assurances. The Legislature elected at the same time was ovewhelmingly Know Nothing. It sent Mr. Wilson to the United States Senate, for he too was with the Philastines. There were Know Nothings who would have been glad to defeat him. They came slyly to Ific Atlas office and said so; and I dare say they went back to the State House and voted for him. shouldn't they ! Wasn't Mr. Wilson a member of the great American party? When he was running for the Vice-Presidency, and Catholie votes were desirable, if he did not himself deny the fact, he suffered others to deny it : but he himself told me that he was a Know Nothing, and I know, upon good information, that he was regularly initiated in one lodge after being refused admissio to another. I might write much, little to its credit of the Know Nothing Legislature, in which the party had everything their own way; but let me rather occupy the space which remains with some notice of several gentlemen who took a prominent part in Massachusetts politics during those eventful years.

Among the clever young men who were brought into public affairs by the breaking up of parties and by the intense moral interest which political controversies had excited, no one was more popular and none did more efficient campaign work in Massachusetts than Mr. Anson Burlingame. His first forensic efforts had the faults of youth. He had not been trained man with a prodigious passion for sending news. He school. He had brought from the West the bad rhetorical peculiarities of the Western stump. He exhibited a certain lack of severe culture; but his good nature was indomitable; his verbal resources copious; his way winning; his de- Colonel Fremont was a Roman Catholic and would sire, at a critical period, to be distinguished and to not, therefore, be a destrable candidate. This do the State a real service, extremely honorable. He had a pleasing simplicity gone home earlier than usual, and the night-editor, in social intercourse, and all his party with a pleutiful lack of sagacity, printed associates were ready to spend and to be the dreadful disclosure, which, within a associates were ready to spend and to be the dreadful disclosure, which, within a spent in his promotion. I might call him, in no discreditable sense, the pet of the Massachusetts Free

other side, I found in Mr. Buriingame's speeches an excellent chance for a good deal of satirical writing; and though I made great fun of him, to my astenishment he did not personally resent it. If anybody had written of me in the same way. I doubt if I should have found the attack so easy to bear. His early rhetorical manner assisted ridicule, and it required no great elev erness to call him the Phoenix of Free Soil. What I liked in Mr. Barlingame, what immeasurably raised him in my estimation, after I came personally to know him, was his thorough sweetness of disposition and the facility with which he forgave. He recounted the jokes which had been made against him, and good-humoredly laughed at them, as if they had been made about som-body else. He wel-comed you as hospitably to his board as if you had not lampooned him. His speeches suggested personal vanity, but those who came to understand him best sound that he had little or none. I was sometimes embarrased by the frankness with which he speke of his own deficiencies. "I must study the political history of the country," he said to me one day, after he had been for some time a member of Congress; and from what I subsequently observed of his public career, I more than suspect that he adhered to this resolution, which other menders of Congress might do well to consider. For he exhibited, after he became Minister to China, a solid capacity for which I had not given him credit. When Mr. Brooks made his shameful assault upon Senator Sumner, Mr Burlingame, who was then in the House of Representatives, behaved extremely well. The public probably has not yet forgotten the fit terms in which, in his place, he characterized that barbar-ous outrage; and when we found at home that we had a member who was ready to fight, if it was necessary or thought to be necessary, we did not, I fear, well enough remember the absurdity of the duello. For Massachusetts, at that moment was in a somewhat pugnacious mood, and if Ma Burilingame had really gone out, as he was quite ready to go, I suspect that the sternest moralis would not have remembered it against him "I fight," he said significantly to me, when an indignation was at the hottest and he proved it to no no idle boast. restored bun to the good opinion of a young Iris lawyer in Boston, who was in a maze of astonish ment that nobody had challenged Mr. Brooks, and who, with very slight encouragement, would himself have gone to Washington to vindicate the outaged dignity of the old com-nonwealth. The lastime I saw Mr. Burlingame, we walked up and down the sands of Nabant together after the election of tria, remembering his eloquent vindication of Hun garian independence, refused to receive him. How fortunate it was that he was thus repelled it is needless to conjecture. He was at once accredited

to China, and awakened a confidence in the govern ment of that country which led to the most important results. Of those Democratic recruits who came into the enough known in National offairs. Mr. Banks's youth was passed in a position which is usually spoken of as humble-he was, I believe, a bobbin boy in a Waltham cotion factory, and subs quently a good machinist. His peculiar success has been held up, in certain cheap biographies, as a stimulative example to other bob bin-boys, and to boys in general. He was rhetorical addresses; he tried his hand at editing a newspaper in his native Waltham; he essayed the stage, and once acted Claude Melnotte in a Boston theatre; 1 have been informed that he even exhibited ability setting forth the heartless way in which the aspirations of poor but clever young men were crushed by the Whig aristocracy of Massachusetts. it was not thought to be either inopportune of unfair to remind him of what he was and of what he had been. He was either extremely fortunate or his theories were unsound. For a time everything "You had better not abuse me as you went well with him. Mr. Polk gave him a prett place in the Boston Custem House. Waltham sen nim as a Democrat to the House of Representatives.

tirely away from the Democratic parts His luck was the luck of an orien fable; Speaker of the National House; Governor of Massachusetts; president of a railway; Major General; again in Congress; office for a time seeme to come to him without asking, though the game changed at last. He went with the test into the the Whig party, he at least had never been a Whig, so that there was no taint of parricide in his speculation, Somebody said of Lord Thurlow that there never was anybody so wise as he looked. Mr. Banks had something o the same sagacious manner. He said what he had to say with a profound gravity which filled the listener with vague ideas of uncommon perspect city. It was during the Winter of 1855-'56 that I first heard an intimation of the probable nomination of Colonel Fremont for the Presidency. It was at a which only three or four persons were present, and among them the Hon. Charles W. Upham, an ex member of Congress, to whom was subsequently en trusted the writing of one of the campaign biograplaces of the explorer. Soon after soup, Mr. Banks nominated Colonel Fre mont, and said that he would soon write a letter in which the wrongs of bleeding Kansas would be duly set forth. I particularly remember that Mr. Banks was perfectly sure that Colonel Frement could carry Pennsylvania; he was such a man, he said, as the Quakers would be likely to vote for. He did not probably anticipate that the Democrats would spend so much money is buying up the State, and perhaps he did not expect that Mr. Buchanan would be nominated. 1 may remark in passing that the Pennsylvania Republicans showed no great moderation in sending to Massachusetts for money, nor any great sagacity in spending whatever they obtained. To go back to Mr. Banks, I may add that I was much upressed by the eleverness with which he discussed the political situation-he seemed to have a prescience of every characteristic of the coming canvass, save the disastrons defeat with which it terminated. Very soon came the anticipated letter from Colonel Fremont, and pretty and well written letter it was. Perhaps Mr Banks wrote it. It was handed to me for publica tion in The Boston Atlas, and I constructed a beauti ful leading article about it, in which bleeding Kan sas and the Colonel's march across the continen were agreeably and foreibly blended. I thought it a great stroke of journalistic enterprise to get the letter exclusively; and when my friend Mr. Elizur Wright, jr., who was editing The floaton Chronicle on the other side of the street, sent over to beg an advance copy of the important decument, I was hard-hearted enough to refuse it; though this selfishness, I am bound to admit, did not in the least diminish Mr. Wright's good nature. The nomination of Colonel Fremont came in time, but be fore it was made we committed, in The Atlas office. about as bad a blunder as possible. Our correspond ent at Washington was Mr. Simon P. Hanscombe, a was enterprising and generally trustworthy, although his letters bore, and repaid careful supervision. He took it into his head to send us a dispatch containing the startling beformation that precious news came late; for some reason I had Democratic newspaper in the country, When I Soil men. Happening at that time to be upon the | saw the dispatch in the morning it quite took away

my appetite for my breakfast. I did not myself eare a groat whether Colonel Fremont was Catholic, a Profestant, or neither; but it must be remembered that the abourd Know Nothing prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church was then rampant, and that we could hardly expect to elect Colonel Frement without Knew Nothing votes or without a Know Nothing National nomination. The story started upon its travels in seven-league boots, and though we protested and explained and denied, we were never able to arrest its mischievous meanderings. People who read it then may like to know is origin. It gave us no end of trouble, which might have been saved if Mr. Hanscombe, who was one of the best intentioned men in the world, had been just a little less smart, or if I had gone home

an hour or so later. Among the leading men of those times was Mr. Francis W. Bird, who is the best known of all Massuchusetta politicians who have held no National office. Mr. Bird was—if I may borrow Dr. Johnson's classification-eminently "a clubable man." The affairs of the party were not conducted without a modicum of festivity, and Mr. Bird liked good fellowship, being never can-pler than when he could make himself useful in the conduct of the symposium. When the Free Soil lights met in Cornhill Court for consultation and dietary refreshment, it was Mr. Bird who broiled the venison and gave us the tid-bits hot and hot. These were pleasant gatherings, where, without formality we sat at the board to plan campages, to discuss political chances and to ameliorate the austerities of politics by a moderate convivality. And who, of all who were seated there, was better liked and more thoroughly respected than Frank Bird, as those who were entitled to do so by the familiarity of friendship, and these who were not, were in the habit of calling him? He was a man whose honor was never doubted; whose word made the precautionary provisions of his bond ridiculous; who had own way of thinking, but was entirely loyal to his party while he saw fit to remain in it. He was so positive in his personal opinions, whether they were about the Fugitive Stave Law or the Hossac Tuonel, that be hved and moved in daily, and, I may say, hourly danger of batting; so that I was not in the least surprised when he walked over to the camp of the enemy and proclaimed himself one of those Democrats from whom he had received and to whom he had returned, with compound interest, so many blows. Upon the least suspicion of anything wrong in the ranks, be thought nothing of moving promofly over to the other side. I have sometimes wondered if he broiled the venison and uncorked the champagne with the same afactily at the Democratic headquarters; and I am certain of cheers by his old associates, only too glad to forget and to forgive, if there were anything to be for-

Andrew was always welcome when present, and much missed when absent. He was the most hon-est, genial and generous of men. He was firm in his convictions, without bigotry; thoroughly conhad been kept out of public employment for several years by a stern integrity which nothing could shake. He seemed of too sweet a na-ture for political strife, but though he could be as gentle as a woman, he was easily aroused to rightcons wrath by any tale of wrong or cruelty. When the Massachusetts soldiers were slaughtered in the streets of Baltimore by a disloyal mob, it was Governor Andrew who telegraphed that their bodies should be "tenderly" cared for at the expense of the State. Of his record as "a war Governor" it is not necessary for me to say one word. All the country knows how public and entirely satisfactory it is. It must be remembered that Governor Andrew was an original About lonest, or Liberty party man, when to be such was to surrender hope of much brilliant professional success in Beston. He could always say, as Theodore Par-ker did: "When the laws of Massachusetts or the laws of the Union conflict with the laws of God, I would keep God's law in preference, though the heavens should fall." The people of Massachusetts were only too glad to make such a man their Gov ernor, by the largest vote ever cast for any candi-date for the office. There was no prominent Repubmany were willing to do evil that good might come. When his party passed their Prohibitory law, he who did not pretend to be a total abstracted man, but whose political and personal assumence man, but whose political and p as an infraction of versonal liberty, nor did he re sublic usefulness of which he was capable; and he left behind him no citizen more thoroughly upright

# PLAYS

Alas, how soon the hours are over Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the stage!
But when we play the foot, now wide
The theatre expanded beside,
How long the anticace set before us:
How ampy promoters, what a choract How many prompters, what a chorast WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## HIGH ART OF SUINDLING.

From Chamber's Journal.

Two fellows whose money was almost entirely expended, determined that a wealthy hotel-keeper should be the means of replemshing thair purses. Accordingly, one of them, giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of the selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor immilied for the bandlord, to whom he propaguaded his query; "Can you give me a good dimeer?" Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and ha a few minutes the "good dimeer" was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; but the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that, had he possessed the "neelful," he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dimer, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned toward the imprecunious diner—it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothe others, and was much obliged for the same. A soluteman was called in; but his decision leaned toward the impecunious diner-it might be considered a debt, but the crimical law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landord ground

Not long after this, number two arrived with the query; "Can you give me a good dinner?" A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face, "Yes, yes," he replied; "take a scat." He hastened "Yes, yes," he replied; "take a seat." He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with this own hands he dashed over the applicant for the good dinner; who there upon jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. "Ha! ha!" langhed the meenaed Bonttace, as he guared about for something wherewith to chastist the object of his wrath—"ha, ha! you tellows cm! feet me twice in the same way." The visitor appeared astemaded; the main handled appeared anxious to kick the visitor out.

A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was demonicated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infurrated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declarer that he charges against the other. The infurated host abled in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required; exhibited his mency, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for shader as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply ant of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a solution for the wounded feelings and the well-inches of swindler number two!

## FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE BELLS,

PREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE BELLS.

From The Fall Mail Gazette.

One of our Paris correspondents writes: Apropose to the question of bell-runging in Praesta, allow me to remind you of what occurred on the occasion of a visit paid by the Marquis de Bouillé to Frederick the Great: "The King said to me on one occasion," remarks the Marquis in his Memeirs, "Would you believe it! I have just been putting the finances of my poor Jesuits into order. These good fellows understand nothing about such things. They are useful to me in forming my Catholic clergy. I may arranged matters with his Holmess the Pope, who is a friend of withe, and behaves to me very well." Pointing from the window to the Capuchin monastery, he added, 'Those fellows trouble me a little with their bed-ringing' (the King was then very old). 'They off red to stop it at night for my sake, but I do lined. One mass leave every one to his trade; theirs is to pray, and I should have been sorry to deprive them of their chimes.'"

## HOME INTERESTS.

LUXURIES FOR THE TABLE. SOUTHERN VEGETABLES AND FRUITS-PROPER FOOD FOR CHILDREN-INCREASED SUPPLY OF SPRING

LAMB-SATURDAY'S PRICES IN THE MARKETS. In marketing it is always a wise rule to purchase those things which are in season. This makes the weekly expense much smaller and is a safe principle for the health of the faunly. Many little debilitating dinesses are brought on by an unwise indulgence in what are called the Inxuries of the season. At present the markets offer many delicious fruits and vegetables from the South. They should be used in moderation, and, in the case of children, totally denied. Nothing can be more unwholesome for the little ones than new potatoes, tomatoes, and the host of fresh vegetables at our command to-day, and their little appetites are quite as well satisfied with last year's productions nicely prepared. The necessity of late dinners in the city has brought about a very fortunate state of affairs for the children. In all properly regulated houses these important members of the family have their principal meal in the middle of the day, and this arrangement makes it possible, without seeming cruel, to deny them the foolish luxuries in which their elderational distributions and to provide them with simple, wholesome meals. totally denied. Nothing can be more unwholesome

pie, wholesome meals.

Spring lamb is growing more common in the markets. Why it should be called Spring lamb is a question, inasmuch as we may consider ourselves still in the midst of Winter. The supply, of course, has reduced the price; fore-quarters are now worth from \$2.50 to \$3, bind-quarters \$3 to \$3.50, and in the markets carcasses are sold from \$0.512. The luxuries in the vegetable markets are also growing more plentiful and cheaper. Bermuda potatoes are 50 cents per half-peck; West India formatics, 45 cents per quart, and some of the Southern from the bad for \$3 and 40 cents; Hermuda beeth are 40 to 50 cents per dezen; and Southern green peas 50 cents per half-peck; rhubarb is 10 cents per bench, and the stake and bunches are improving in size; celery, from New Jersey, is 35 cents per brach; sprinach, 30 cents per peck; radishes, 6 cents per bunch; letture, 10 to 12 cents per head. For some reason it seems impossible to find good, solid, white heads of letture. All that is now for sale in the markets is of poorer growth than last senson's letture. Cheminers are 25 cents apiece; they are also improving in quarity; water-cares is 10 cents per quart, and field salud 15 cents; oyster plans, 10 cents per hunch. There seems to be no change in the common Winter tegetables.

The strawberries now in market are a vast improvement on last week's supply; they come from South Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba and Florida, and my 75 cents per south Careba Spring lamb is growing more common in the arrests. Why it should be called Spring lamb is a

The strawberroes now to market are a vast improvement on last week's supply; they come from South Carolina and Florida, and sio 75 cents per quart in the markets. Some of the down-town trust stores offer what they call selected fruit at \$1 per quart, but this week the difference between selected fruit and that to be had for 75 cents scens very small. Malaga grapes at 25 cents per pound; Mandarin oranges, 40 cents per dozen; Floridas, 30 to 60 cents; Valencia oranges, 20 to 75 cents; green fits caused in sympans 37 cents per can; Palana figs are 20 cents per pound; grape trust 50 to 75 cents per dozen, and Florida lemons 25 cents. Butter still stands at the high rates it has brought all Winter, but eags are growing cheaper. Long Island basked eggs are 30 cents per dozen; eggs proceed in barrels come as low as 22 and 25 cents per dozen, and the sense is 18 cents per pound; Nemelatied choeses is 18 cents per pound; Nemelatied choeses, made in Newslerses, and exceedingly tice, is 5 cents per found; maple sugar 25 cents per pound. Chickens are 12 and 14 cents per pound. Chickens are 12 and 14 cents per pound; turkeys, 14 to 16 cents; tame dines, 18 cons; wild goose, \$1 to \$1.25 a piece; pigcons, \$2.50 to \$3; capons, 18 to 20 cents; tame dines, \$1 per dezen; mallings, \$1.50 per pair; redheads, \$2, and common sizeh, 75 cents to \$1 per pair.

The prices for coders and sugars do not change.
Our markets can be so readily overstocked with 55, owing to the radroad facilities, that even the prices for coders and sugars do not change.
Our markets can be so readily overstocked with 55, owing to the radroad facilities, that even the prices for coders and sugars do not change.
Our markets can be so readily overstocked with 55, owing to the radroad facilities, that even the prices for coders and domes not make inche difference in the prices for coders and domes not make inche difference in the prices for our second documents.

Our markers can be so learnly oversocked with fish, ewing to the radical facilities, that even the Lenten season does not make ranch difference in the praces at the fish stalls. Frozen striped has are 30 cents per pound; smoits, 12 to 15 cents; salmon, 25 cents; green turtle, 20 cents; terrapin, 820 per dozon; frost fish, 8 cents; balbot, 15 cents; hadrock, 8 cents; live cod, 10 cent; steak cod, 9 to 12 cents; market cod, 8 cents. Herrings are in great demand; they are chesped to the markets during bent. Enclude coles are 40 cents per pound, and furthet from England, 60 cents; Absercian turbot, 18 cents per cents; sheepshead, 25 cents; scollops, 81 50 per gallan; soft claim, 40 to 80 cents per hundred; white fish, 15 to 18 cents; pickerel, 12 lg to 16 cents; salmon trout, 18 cents; black bass, 18 cents; musculonge, 15 cents; redshappers, 13 cents; prawns, 15 per gallen; shad as growing much betch, and as worth, for roe shad, 40 cents; for buck shad, 25 cents per pound. better, and is worth, for roc buck shad, 25 cents per pound.

## HOUSEHOLD NOTES,

Chaquettes and Rice.—Chop up an onion very fine, and fry it in butter till it be of a golden olor; then stir in a teacapful of rice; let it cook in

The liest Fish Battle.—On the morning you intend having them, pare your postatoes and boil; drain off the water, and cover with a clean towel to dry. First, though, boil your codfish bil done; then pall to shreds, carefully feeling for every bone and imp. Mash the potatoes very finely, pour in a little warm milk and a small lump or butter; beat up your potatees till they are as light as down, then max with your fish, and work all together thoroughly. A small raw onton, chopped very finely, mixed through, gives a flavor which many persons like; no pepper nor egg. When ready, roll into small cakes lightly, and fry a delicate brown. The extender part is to have your potatees quite soit. articular part is to have your potatees quite soft with the mit, and fish with not the smallest impp. -[Mrs. F. L. V. GOOD CRULLERS.—To one quart of flour rub two

Good Crullers.—To one quart of flour rub two scant tenspoorfuls sea-foam, lump of butter haif size of an egg, good cupful of white sagar, a pinch of salt, volks of two eggs. Work these together thatoughly but very lightly, using the tips of your fingers. Moisten with enough milk to make as soft a dough as possible to roll out, using as little flour as you can, rolling out into twists. It must be a sticky dough. Keep your singers just dipped in dour. If the mixture be too stiff your crafters will be tough. Too much working will toughen them too. Have your lard well builing, and drop in quickly and watch carefully.—[Mrs. E. L. V.

A CREAM TO EAT WITH FRUIT.—Boll half a pint A CREAM TO EAT WITH FRUIT.-Boil half a pint A GRAM TO LAT VIEW FALL BOTH AND A STATE OF A CREAM TO LATE A STATE OF COMMENTARY AND A CREAM TO LATE OF CRE

note cold, and then add a little leanon juice.

To CLEAN WHITE KRITTED GARMENTS.—Take
hose not needing washing, being only slightly
oried, riace them in a pollow-case one at a time,
prinkle flour through it, and shake well, until it ks as bright as new. Borax is excellent to wash nucl- with, dissolved in lukewarm water.—[Mrs.

## BREAKFAST IN SPAIN.

Andvjar pitchers of classic shape; with a meles rolling here and there; knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; the red wine, like Burgundy of Val de peñas; the ambercolored wine of Almera (grown in the slopes around Albuñel); the red wine of Catalina; or, perhaps, the white wine of Seville. Bread lies, in spiral roscos, or in French rolls, or in teleras (long thick staves of coarse bread), all about the table; a few aromatic flowers, bought in the plaza, stand in the midst.

An old man comes in—a servant girl, with bare arms, and in undress uniform, comes in. Well, they look round—the family have not come to table. "Eucno: paciencia!"—"Well, patience!" they say, and the man lights his paper cigarette and leans against the door.

against the door.
The mother and father, and one or two daughters of The mother and father, and one or two daughters of the tamily come in and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him and cuis it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other; all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems so peaceful, so patriarchial in its simple primitiveness, that the stranger feels out of place; it is another, purer, older world into which he has entered; all so simple, so natural, so self-respectful, no servant-priism, no bells, no waiting at table of flunkey or footman, or awkward cub just caught from the stable yard.

The sons sannter in, cigar in mouth, but reverent toward their parcets, and, saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and of peace, take their slice of melon.

Then the soup, or caldo, is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then

Then the soup, or caldo, is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the cocida, for the richest families live much as the poor, and in true, natural Spain, there are no goarmets or goarmands; then comes, as I have sare, the cocida—meat stewed to rags, from which the caldo has been taken, with rice, and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable, of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage, or of bacon, follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow—the meal is over. The clock goes half-past 12 or 1, and it is well-nigh time to lie down, if in Summer in the darkened alcoba, and rest for a few hears, or sit down and make dresses for the coming Feist-day. The dinner or comida is but a repetition of the almacro or breakfast.

#### A RELIC OF PRESIDENT HARRISON,

From The Indianapolis Journal. By the kindness of Mr. J. C. S. Harrison, of this city, a grandson of General William Henry Harrison, at one time President of these United States, we are permitted to publish the following letter, directed to "Master J. C. S. Harrison, Asbury University." The mild reproof of his grandson's bad spelling will be read with a genitle smile in connection with the General's own liberal orthography of "skeats," "fibb," and other words:

My Dean Geandson: I received some days ago your letter of the 30th ultimo. I suppose, as you are a Latin scholar, you know what ultimo means. I am glad to hear you say that you are learning "very

an stad to hear you say that you are learning "very hist." This you will continue to do if you will only study hard, and by persevering in this way you will become a learned man, which will give your friends great pleasure, and be of great advantage to yourself. For if you are a learned man, you can be a great developer, or if you can be a great developer.

the confidence of your fellow-citizens) a great statesman, or a great preacher.

As I know that your Maker has given you talents to acquire knowledge, what I have said above is entirely in your own power to accomplish. And it will be a great shame, as well as a se, if you do not improve the talents which toot has given you. But, although learning is a great advantage, there is something stail better, that is, to be good. I had much rather that you should want learning and be a good mun than to have all the learning in the world and be a bad man. You must, therefore, never do a bad act. Never tell a faischood, even if it is to shield yourself. If you do anything that is wrong, do not hesitate to confess it at oner. I will cense to love you if I hear that you are in the habit of lelle gibbs.

I enclose you five dollars, which is much more than will buy your sheats. What remains you must give to your cacher, that he may give it to you as you may want it.

you must give to your leaener, that you as you may want it.
Your letter was written tolerably well, but the spelling very bad. You must endeavor to correct this. Write to fac, or to your grandmamma, as soon as you receive this, and try to do better.
Your grandmamma and all the ramily desire their love to you. Your affectionate grandfather,
W. H. HARRISON.

## LADY MORGAN'S FIRST NOVEL.

From Temple Bar.

• Having read of the large sums of money which Miss Burney had received for her books, Sydney Owenson afterward Lady Morean, still ever thinking of her father's distresses, was fired with the spirit of emulation, and ere she left Dublin had advanced far with the composition of two novels; one, "St. Clair," was written in unutation of the then allpeplar "Sorrows of Werther," the other was founded upon some incidents in Sully's "Memoirs" touching the amours of the great Henry. During her residence at Westmeath she completed "St. Clair," and when the family returned to Dublin for the season she resolved to offer it for publication. One morting early, before breaklast, attired in a market behind and cleak belonging to the cook, with her MS, fied round with reservolved ribbon, under her arm, she salies forth on her first literary adventure.

Also was to have succeeded him in his dominion on the island, but he died, and the bouse which the old man built for him to occupy as a palace is said to be haunted now. Some twenty years ago old Kingsley died, his wife having gone before him, and the property has now been divided up.

Fort George Island belongs principally to ex-Confour New-York gentlemen have orange groves on the island, but he died, and the bouse which the old man built for him to occupy as a palace is said to be haunted now. Some twenty years ago old Kingsley died, his wife having one before him, and the property has now been divided up.

Fort George Island belongs principally to ex-Confour Hawling is graving employed to the same have orange groves on the island, but he died, and the bouse which the old man built for him to occupy as a palace is said to be haunted now. Some twenty years ago old Kingsley died, his wife having gone before him, and the property has now been divided up.

Fort George Eventual to New-Hampshire. Three or four was a burney of the simulation of the having one before him, and the property has now been divided up.

Fort George Eventual to New Herman and the property have been divided,

She mais Mr. Brown behind his counter and presents her note, and just then out of the shop-parior comes an old lady to summon him to breakfast, and taking the note out of her husband's hand, glauces at Sydney and asks, "What is it?" "A young lady who wants me to publish hernevel, which I can't do, as my hands are full." Sydney is turning away with her handkerchief to her eyes when the old lady surgests that it should be read, and the young lady might return in a few days for the decision. Sydney can only just mawer, "Thank you, madam," and, depositing her MS, upon the counter, hurry out of the shop and hasten home. So disgusted, however, was she with the reception of her literary bantling that she forgot to leave her address, and. however, was she with the reception of her internal banding that she forgot to leave her address, and departing for Westmeath a day or two afterward, heard no more of it until she was told by some one of its publication. All the remuneration she ever received on account of it was a present of four

copies. "St: Clair" was afterward rewritten and pub-Ished in London. It appears to have been a novel not without promise—judged by the standard of that period, which was a very low one. It was translated into German, and in a notice prefixed, the translator, to titilite the suicidal tastes of the day, stated that the authoress, in a fit of despairing love, had strangled herself with an embroidered pocket-background. Of the Suily novel we hear to warr dkerchief. Of the Sully novel we hear no more,

## SUMPTUARY LAWS.

From Theiglibbe.

By an enactment of Edward III, furs might only be worn by persons possessing property to the annual value of £100 a year. The Knight or Baron's musi value of £100 a year. The Kinght or Baron's half was privileded to display finery forbidden to the wives and daughters of citizens. Henry VHI, retricted the use of a multitude of rich fabrics to the upper classes. Queen Elizabeth, herself so inordinately fond of dress, issued severe regulations regarding the apparel of her subjects. She was offended at a bishop who preached before her "on the vanity of decking the body too finely"; but ween her lieges attempted to copy the royal example and imitate her monstrous ruff, the Queen "stationed grave citizens at every city gate to cut the ruffs of all those persons who exceeded a nail of a yard in the depth of their ruffs." Next to the absurd shoes of the fitteenth century, which were so long in the toes that BREAKFAST IN SPAIN.

From Temple Ear.

The perfect case of the family life, even if, as I behave, it is too often carried to excess, binds the members of one family logether with, literally, "cords of a man," Nowhere, as in Spain, do the big subject able, and love to be with their mothers and siters.

It is breakfast time; the aguedor, or water-carrier, has filled the barrels, and the table is "limi"—with a showly cloth, with porous line is a showly cloth, with porous line is a showly of the lower classes aping the dress of the firteenth ectuary, which were so long in the toes that then the toes that there channed to the kace, this fashion of hage much of the blood of Pocahoutas in his veins for that.

Evidently in allusion to the doctor's own wig, an impudent top once dared to ask Dr. Lawson it be could tell him the color of the doctor's reply: "Oh, man, said the ancient sumption of the blood of Pocahoutas in his veins for that.

Evidently in allusion to the doctor's reply: "Oh, man, said the solvine, "ye man be a pair tyke of a servant to have continued to the blood of Pocahoutas in his veins for the limit to the blood of Pocahoutas in his veins and he about without covering, and the about without covering, and he about without covering, and he about witho

thorpe, who, in the time of Henry VIII.. "purged a shoemaker of Norwich of the proud honor our common people have to be of the gentleman's cut." Hearing from his tailor that John Drakes, a local shoemaker, had ordered himself a Winter cloak "of the exact like cut as he should make for Sir Philip," the knight instructed the tailor to make his garment "as full of slits as the shears could cut." The cloak and the copy were duly made according to these directions, and the disgusted shoemaker, on receiving his ragged purchase, "swore never to follow gentlemen's fashions again."

The Emperor Paul of Russia conceived an unaccountable dislike to the fashion of wearing pantaloons instead of knee-breeches, which dandies endeavored to introduce in his reign. He utterly extinguished the attempted innovation by ordering his soldiers to stop every wearer of the chooxious garments, and with their sabres cut away the additional length of materials in the log—a preceeding that soon caused a return to the ancient fashion of nether garments. This may be said to be have been the last vigorous attempt to enforce sumptuary laws in Europe. laws in Europe.

# THE DOCTRINE OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

"The church bell, which elsewhere calls people together to worship God, calls them together in Scotland to listen to a preachment."—ISAAC TAYLOR.

His text was one that gave him room
To fume, and fulminate, and make
The house of God a house of gloom, In which to make the sunner quake, Corruption was the theme of it, And Hell the lurid gleam of it.

Mankind, he preached, were poisoned through, Black was the universal line.

"In short," said he," the rock of sin,
On every side has wrecked you all,
Moral and intellectual."

He proved each man from head to foot A mass of putrefying sore,
Thoughts festering in a heart of soot,
Sin oozing out at every pore;
The body and the soul of us,
The devil had the whole of us.

He loved his theme, 'twas clear enough, For all the rottenness and dirt
And rank defilement of the stuff.
One felt he had the thing at heart,
He hugged it so and handled it,
And dressed it up and dandled it.

Then plunging past the gates of death He mixed the sinner's awful cup,
Till hot and red he stopp'd for breath,
And mapped the perspiration up.
If terror could refashion us,
He did not spare the lash on us.

I saw him when his task was done. His gown and morals packed away;
His deep self-satisfaction won;
His recking supper on the tray;
And looking through the smoke of it,
'Twas then I saw the joke of it.

The pions wrath, the wordy run,
From practised mouth too glibby poured,
Which makes us feel that we have done
Some special service for the Lord,
Oh, the deceiving seed of it!
The tongue without the deed of it.

#### AN EXTINCT FLORIDA KINGDOM.

Jacksonville Letter to The Cincinnati Enquirer. The other day I went down on the boat to the Island of Fort George, at the month of the St. John's River. The Island of Fort George, embracing some ten square miles in its area, is grown up with palmetices, dates, palms, live oak and oranges in a close forest. The ground is grown over with enacters, and on every side is to be seen the wealth of color, the gorgeous forms of vegetable growth, and that one sees in metures of competital

the wealth of color, the gorgeous forms of vegetable growth, and that one sees in pictures of equatorial life, liere on this little island an old planter named Kingsley formorly reigned with absolute sway. To be sure, he had other plantations, three or four of them further up the river; but here was the seat of empire—here the Whitehall or the Windsor Castle of his despotism.

Did Kingsley want slaves for his plantation, he ordered his fast-sating sloop and sailed to Africa and got them. Did he have cotton or tobacco or sigar to sell he sens them to the foreign markets at Liverpool or Manchester in his own vessels. Was justice to be administered to any of his hundreds of retainers, Kingsley sat in his judgment hall and pronounced it. His wife, indeed, was a Princess of Royal African blood, as black as coal, but every inch a Queen. Their children, when they grow up, asa Queen. Their children, when they grow up, as-serted their equality or rather their superiority spite of color, and one daughter married a wealthy merchant of New-York, while another, a son, went abroad, entered foreign courts, and is to-day a diplo-

## PEPPERY RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

From The Philadelphia Record. The reporter of the fecord and a very interesting conversation with Captain James West, a member at the present Beard of Heatth, who knew Mr. Ran-dolph well. Mr. Kandolph went to Europe on the smiling packet Alexandria, of the old Cope line, soon after his duel with Mr. Clay. Captain West was at that time the first male of the vessel, and a goutle-man maned Baidwin was the captain. Captain west stries that he recollects distinctly the arrival of Mr. Randelph. The latter had lost his hat on the way down, and a red bandkerchief was bound about his head. His body was cue ased in an old flannel wrapper, and he was an object that very readily commanded attention, for he locked like a walking

Assoon as he stepped on board the Alexandria Randolph proclaimed himself master there, and stated to the Captain that he was prepared to dispute the matter with him. It was the rule of the company that only cabin passengers should carry dogs over, and just as the Virginia statesman got on conjuny and just as the Virginia statesman got on board Captain West was in the act of sending ashoro a dog that had been sanggled on board by a steerage passenger. Rambolph inquired of him what he was doing, and Captain West explained the rule of the company. Rambolph in a lond, piping voice, declared that the dog should not go ashore, and, when the captain said that it should, he became very much exerted, and declared that if his boy Join (who had been left beaind for some unknown reason) was there he would make him shoot every one who interfered with him. Finding that the Captain was determined to carry out his order Rambol and the captain was determined to carry out his order Rambol. session of the dog during the trip, and then, as the

owner of the animal, he defied the Captain to put him ashore.

This was only the beginning of the trouble with

This was only the beginning of the frouble with Mr. Randolph. It took twenty-live days to make the trip, and the officers had a serious time with him. He wanted to kick everybody who got in his way, and if any one offered to assist him in hunting papers, which he kept the cabin well littered up with, he drove them off with the remark that when he wanted them he would call them.

He worried the Captain out of patience, and Captain West says that one evening, while he had the second watch below, the second mate came to him with an order from the Captain to make a strait jacket, as he could stand Mr. Randolph no longer, and would try the influences of restraint poor him. Captain West reasoned with Captain Baldwin, and told him that he could never keep the old man's tongue still, for, as he had often said himself, "his temper was spiced with Captain Saldwin, and told him that he could never keep the off Mr. Randolph by esponsing his cause in the many wrangles in which he became involved, and this confidence led him to invite the Captain to Regardee, when he added that the was an invitawangles it which he occame involved, and this confidence led him to havite the Captain to Roanoke, which he added that this was an invitation that he extended to devilish few. Among other hings he stated was that he hated Yankees, and hat he had instructed the keeper of the bridge belonging to him to make no change for a Yankee in taking toil, for the Yankee would certainly should be a superficient with

cheat him.

The Captain then became well shough acquainted with Mr. Kandolph to speak to him concerning his famous duel with Mr. Clay, when, after the first exchange of shots, Mr. Randolph fired in the air, and Mr. Clay's bullet went through the skirt of and Mr. Clay's bullet went through the skirt of Raudolph's gown, the same garment which he wore on board the ship. He was not disposed to speak at any length of the occurrence, but said that he acted as he did because he did not want a bushand's blood on his hands. He afterward presented the gown to Captain West, and a reporter inspected in at Captain West's residence a few days ago. It would certainly create a sensation if worn on any of our promenades. It is made of coarse white flaunch, with a row of buttons on each side, and the pockets are up almost under the arm-pits. It is judged, from their capacious size, that he used them for his manuscripts.

jindeed, from their capacions size, that he used them for his manuscripts.

The rent mide by Mr. Clay's bullet is plainly to be seen in the skirt of the gown, and the garment is in an excellent state of preservation. The captain says that Mr. kandolph seldom ever occupied his state-from at night, but would come out upon deck and he about without covering, and when told that he might take cold would reply that there was too much of the blood of Pocahontas in his veins for that.